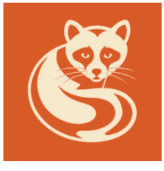
JAVA FREE PRESS

CASEY

"WHEN ALL YOU HAVE
LEFT IS NOTHING"

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

FICTION



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Casey

The path led through the abandoned carnival. I had followed the man now for almost three miles. “he was the one” I said to myself.

It was almost six years now since I lost my little girl. We lived about 12 kilometres from a small town in central Victoria called Elmore. It was a quiet town or so I thought. One day as little Casey was walking home, after getting off the school bus at the stop near our road, a car pulled up. I was at work when I got the call, from my wife to say she was missing. I felt this knot in the pit of my stomach. “Have you called the school?” I asked? She had, she had phoned all of our friends who had kids at the same school. The police worked out from talking to everyone that she must have caught the bus home as she had done a hundred times before and then this bastard had picked her up. All they found were her headphones at the side of the road. She must have dropped them as he dragged her into the car.

After this, our lives were changed forever. From a close loving family, our little Casey taken, my marriage broke down. We had moved to Melbourne to try and salvage our relationship but that didn’t work. Now alone, without my family, I only have one thing on my mind, to make my daughter's murderer pay no matter what it cost me and let’s face it, I had nothing to lose.

The years went by and four years after little Casey was taken the police called me. They had arrested a man who they believed was the one. Apparently, they had been watching him for a while and when they raided his house in a completely unrelated event, they found my little girls' school bag and her clothes stained with her blood. He confessed and was sentenced to 8 years. Imagine my surprise when he was released after 6 for good behaviour.

Realising my plan for revenge, I worked out that I would need some tools. I joined a local gun club became very proficient with a pistol and had my own weapon, ammunition and all that I would need to carry out my task.

Nothing had improved in my life and my now ex-wife had moved overseas. I guess it was her way of trying to forget. I had started to drink when Casey wasn't found, and I hadn't stopped. I had also started smoking and found that gave my idol shaking hands something to do.

The abandoned carnival was the perfect place for me. It was quiet and I knew this scum, who had taken my daughter often walked through the park on his way home but tonight he wouldn't make it, or so I thought.

He had stopped at the carousel and just stood there. I was not sure why. It appeared like he was looking at something. I wasn't sure. Anyway, that didn't bother me. I removed the Glock 9mm from my pocket. I had worn soft sole shoes, so he didn't even hear me behind him. My handgun was just 30 centimetres from the back of his head when I pulled the trigger. The blood sprayed over the carousel horse in front of him and as the spent casing from my gun made a clinking noise as it hit the concrete path, we were both standing on, the man fell to his knees dead.

As the blood pooled, I could feel the adrenalin racing through my body. As I looked up, I could see another man, standing on the other side of the carousel. He looked just like the man I had just taken my revenge on. How could that be? If the man on the other side of the carousel was the one who took my Casey and in doing so destroyed my life, who was the man I had shot. It was then as the man spoke to me that I realised I had made a terrible mistake. The man said "I was the one you were after; you have just killed my twin brother. With that, I raised my gun again and the real culprit fell.

I walked towards him and at last I was standing over the now dead man, the one who had taken so much from me. He had destroyed my happy family, destroyed our lives, destroyed my little girl and made me into a husk of a man. Now standing over this pathetic excuse of a human, I realised the irony. That by him taking Casey, he had set off a chain of events to which no one could have foreseen. As I stood over this man watching the blood pool around him as it had done with his brother, I realised that it was my job to now break the chain.

I slid back the slide on my gun, just enough to see that there was still a round chambered. I walked over to a park bench nearby and sat down. With tears rolling down my face, I looked up. Seeing the bright blue sky through the trees

I slowly walked over to a nearby park bench and sat down. As tears rolled down my face, I looked up. Watching the blue sky showing through the trees which canopied the area, the slightest pressure from my index finger, and it was all over, or so I thought. After a short while I could hear Casey's voice. "hello Dad, I missed you" and with that I was reunited with my daughter. The little girl, who at fourteen was taken away from me. The little girl who I had held in my arms as a baby. The little girl who sang me jingle bells in her kindergarten Christmas play. The little girl who lit up my life and was my reason for getting up in the morning. Her death separated us and broke my heart into a million pieces. Now, mine had put my heart back together because we were finally a family again. "Yes sweetheart, I missed you too".

About the author

William Dirk Mayberry is an Australian writer and independent digital publisher based in West Java, Indonesia. Writing across fiction, memoir, essays, educational works, self-help, and reflective nonfiction, his work explores memory, resilience, observation, and everyday human experience through a direct and personal style. His interest in storytelling began during his service in the Royal Australian Navy and later developed into a growing catalogue of independently published digital works released under the Java Free Press imprint. His publications include memoirs such as The Longest Way Home, children's stories from the Bag Chip Bird series, practical educational titles from the 101 Self Help collection, and speculative fiction projects including the Crononaught Collection. Influenced by writers such as Robert Louis Stevenson, his work combines realism, introspection, and accessible storytelling across a range of genres and formats.

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